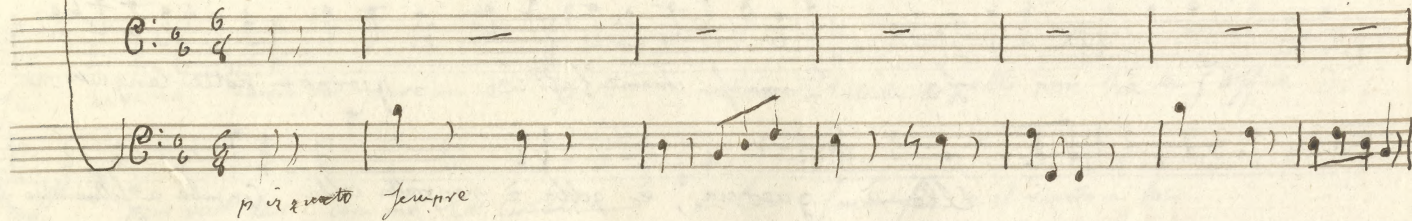
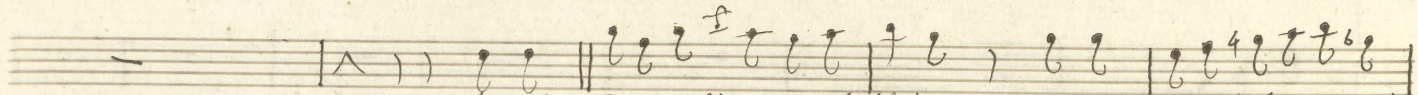
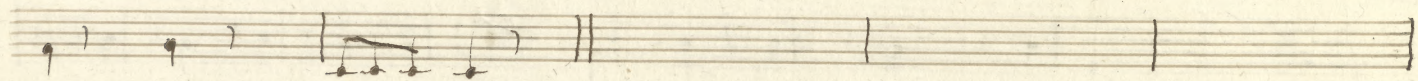
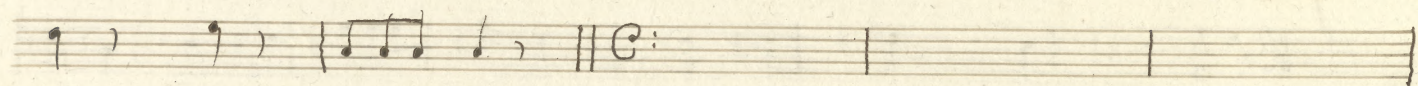
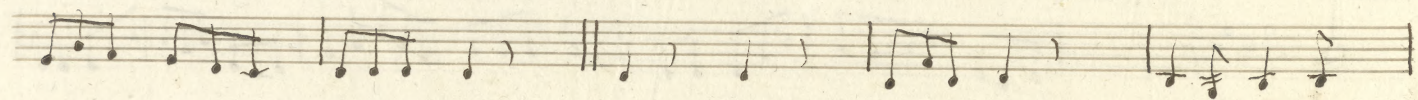
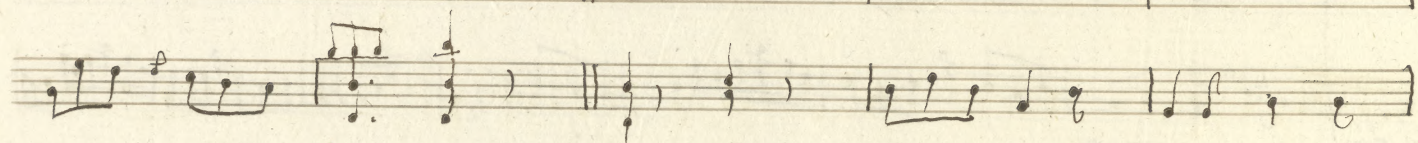
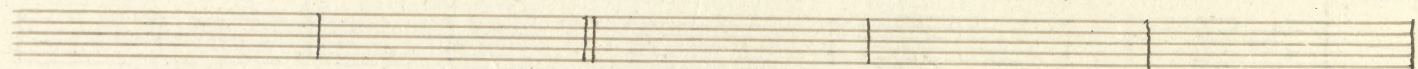
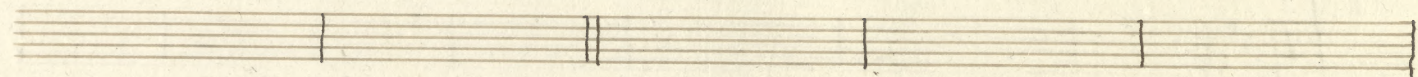
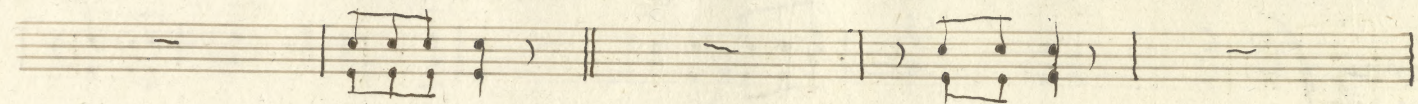
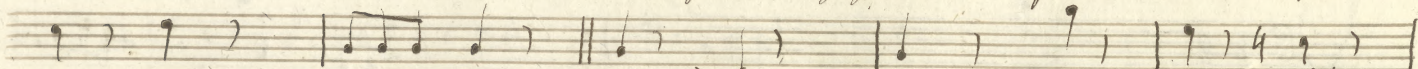
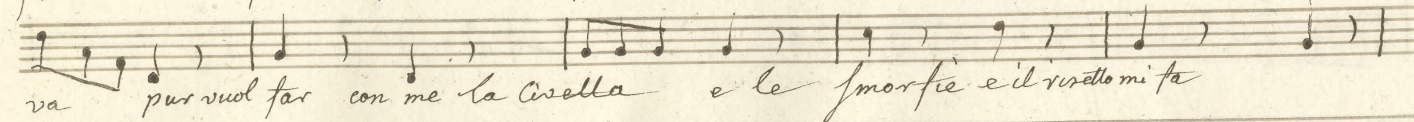
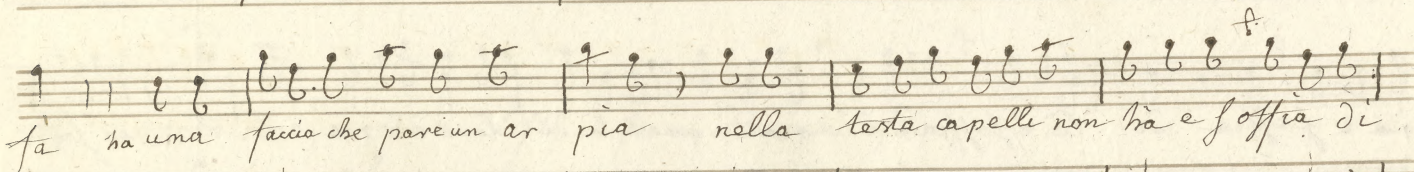
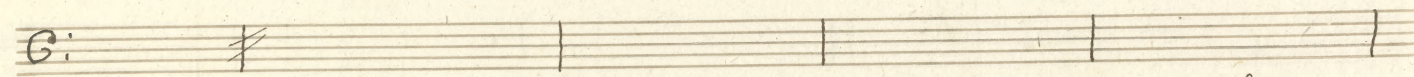
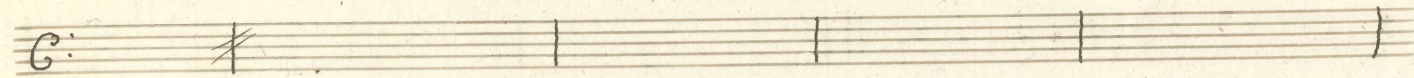
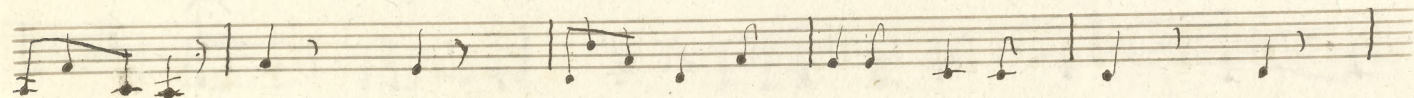
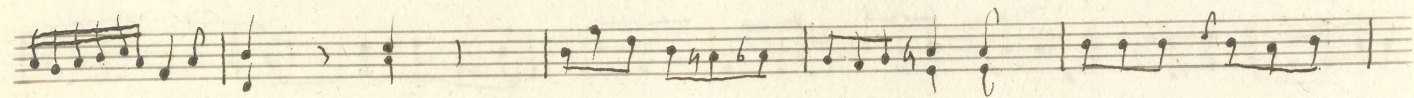
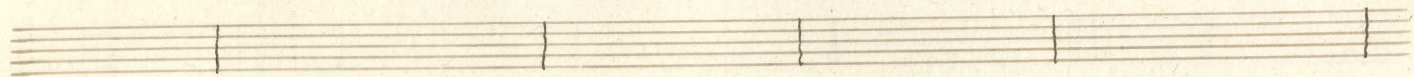
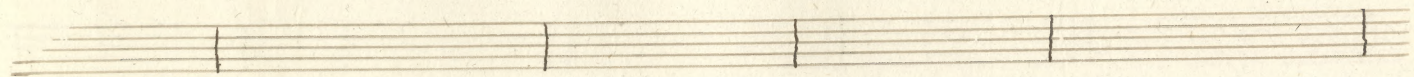
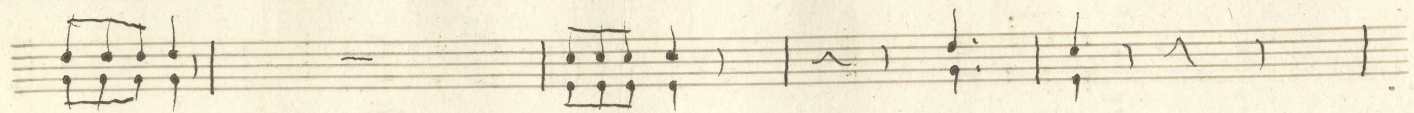
La mia Dama

si chiama Soffia

Aria di Zingarelli

Corni in Befa
Flauti
Violini
pizzicato
Viole
pizzicato
pizzicato sempre

La mia Dama si chiama Soffia giorno e notte languire mi
Ella è guercia, è gobba è zoppetta colle Gambe a schimbezzo sen

fa ha una faccia che pare un ar pia nella testa capelli non hà e ſoffia di
va pur vuol far con me la Civetta e le ſmorfie e il risetto mi fa

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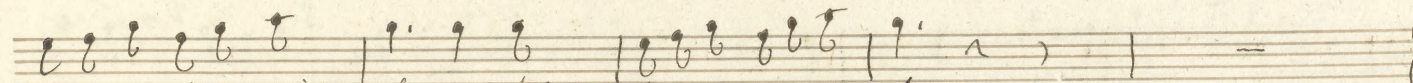
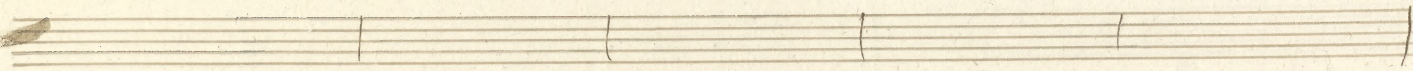
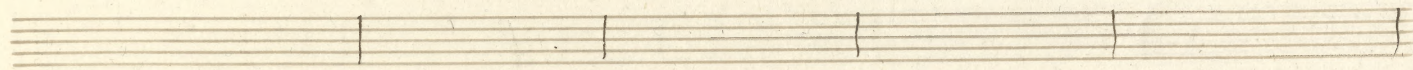
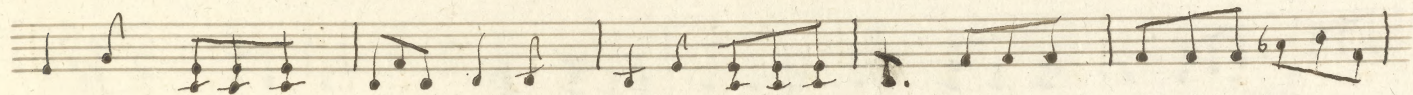
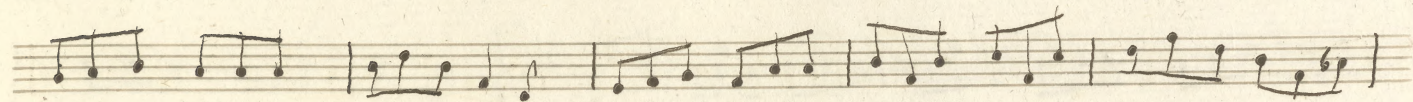
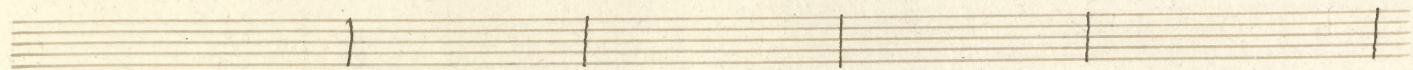
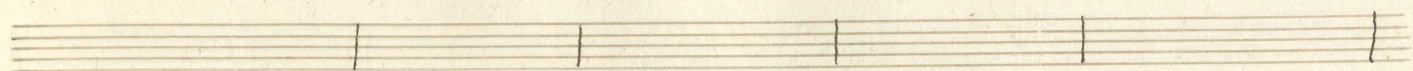
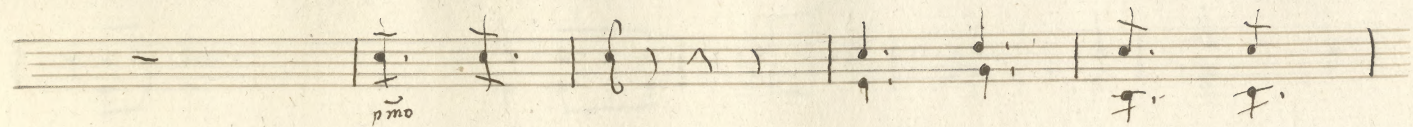
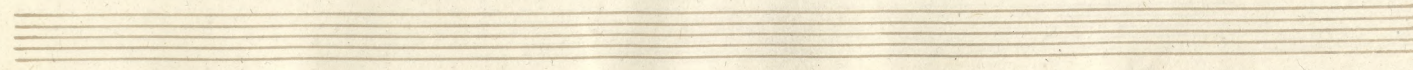
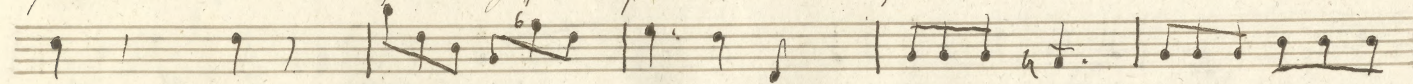
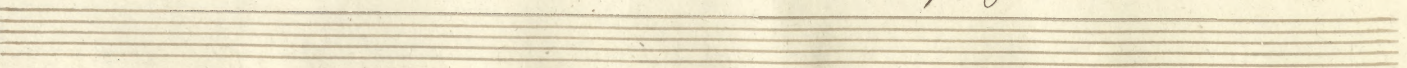
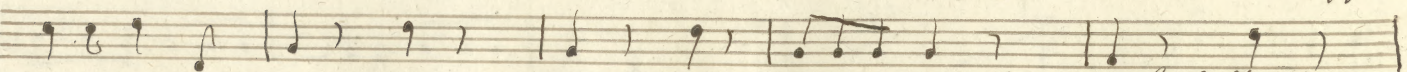
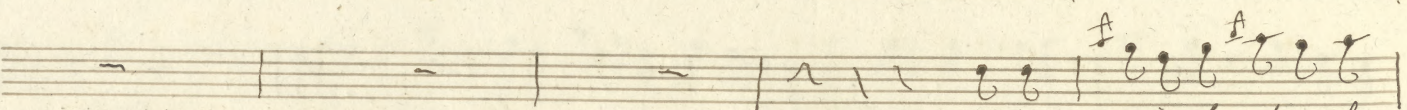
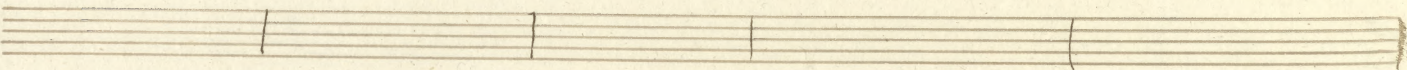
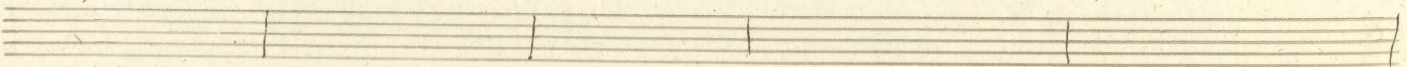
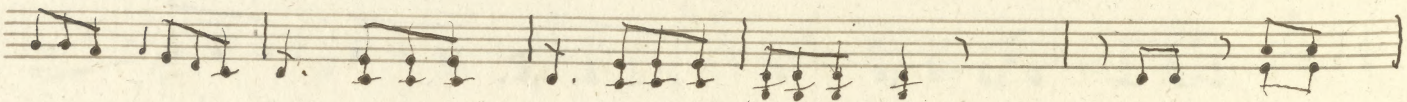
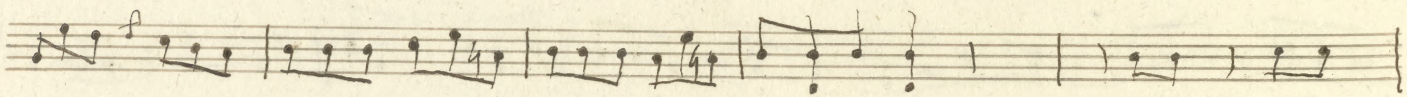
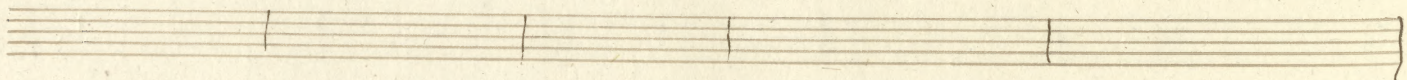
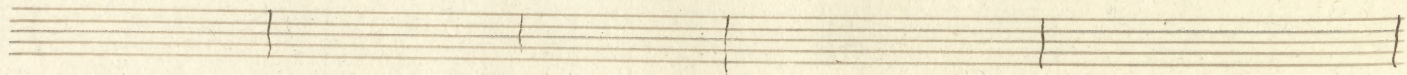
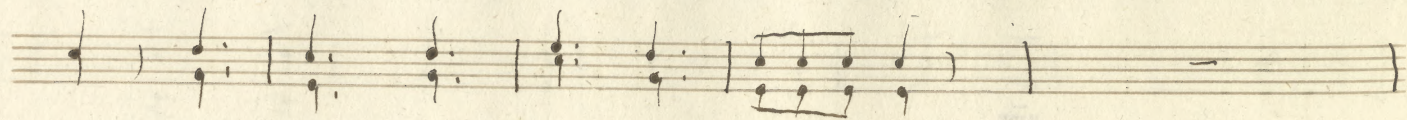
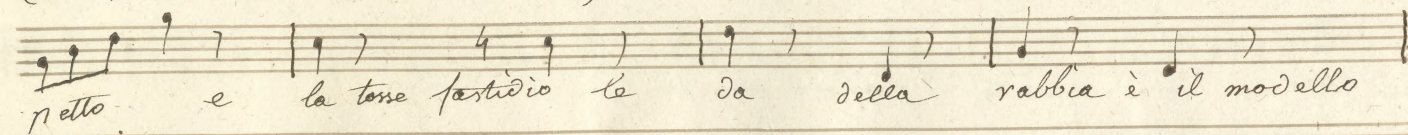
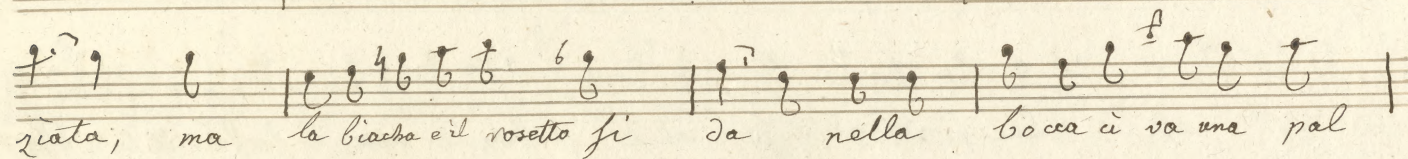
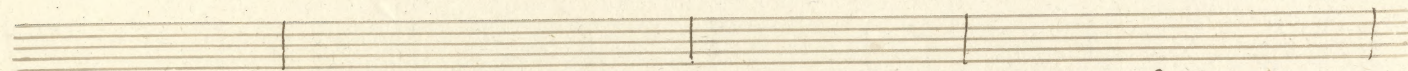
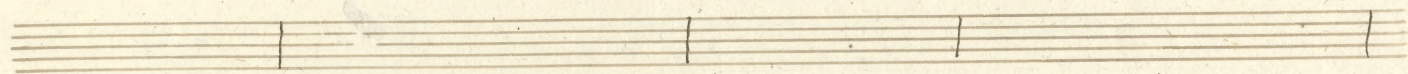
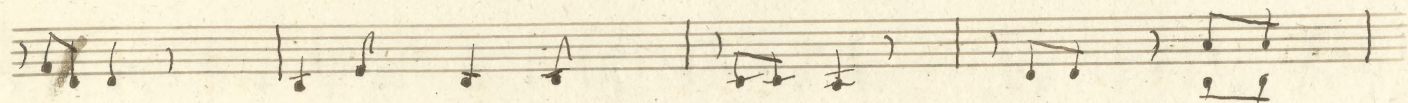
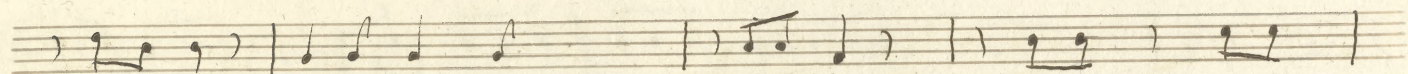
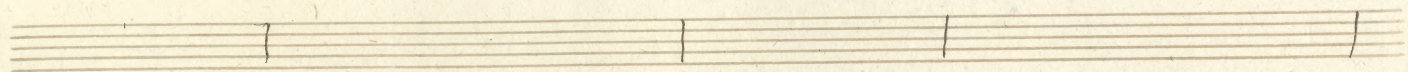
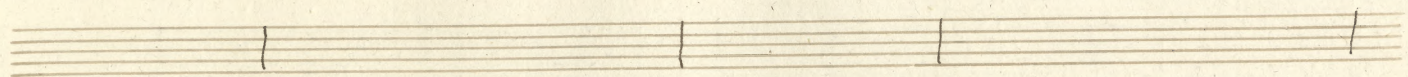
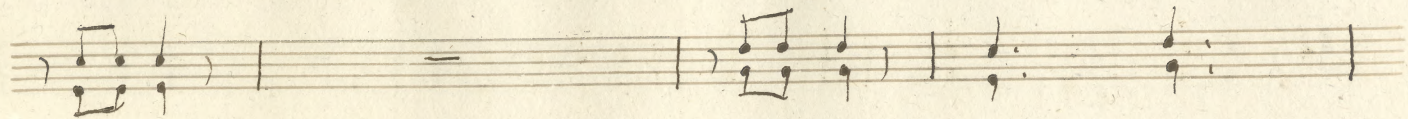
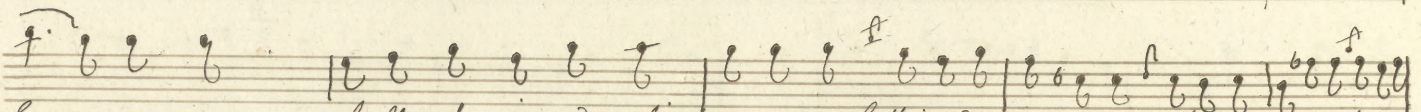
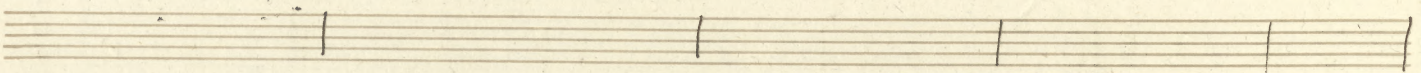
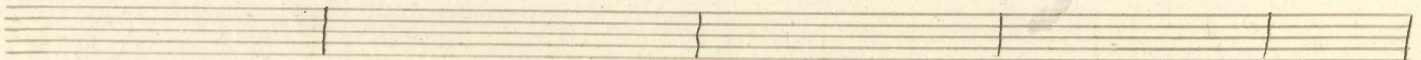
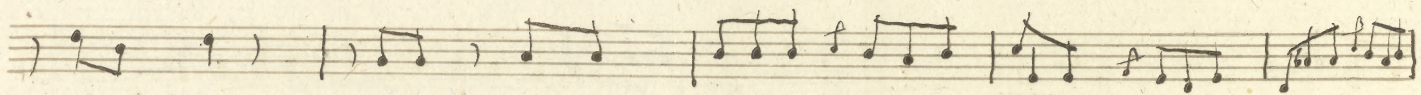
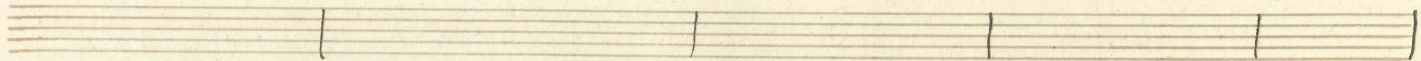
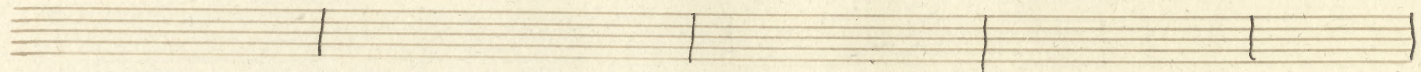
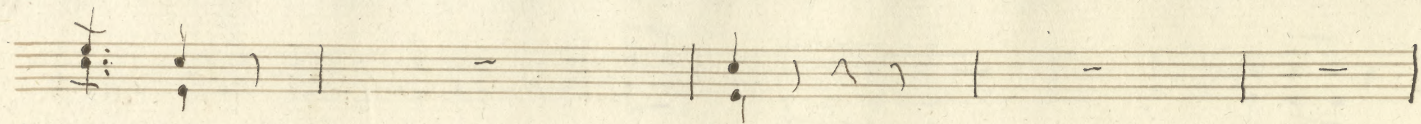

pmo
fia morire mi fa e sof= fia morire mi fa.

Ell'è vecchia ſcortese ſgra
Il battaro le bolle nel

ziata, ma la biacca e il rosetto si da nella bocca ci va una pal
petto e la tosse fastidio le da della rabbia è il modello

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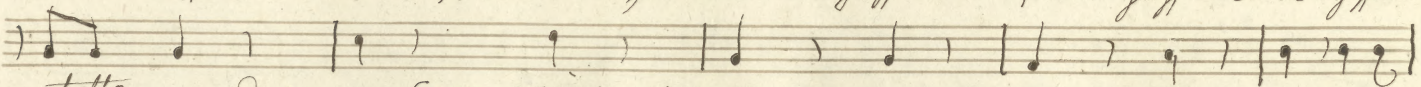
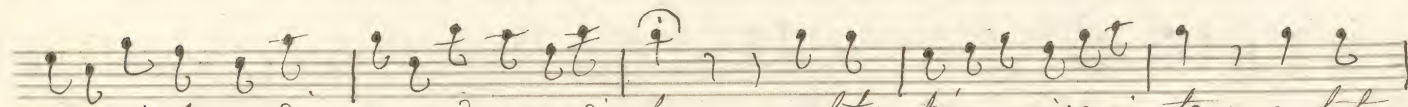
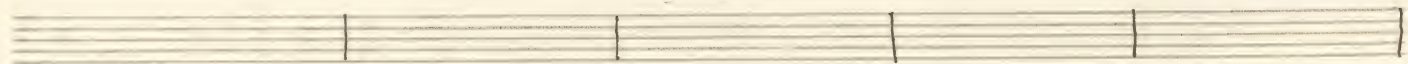
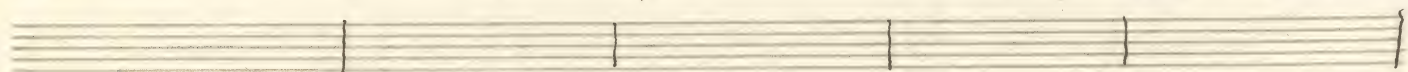
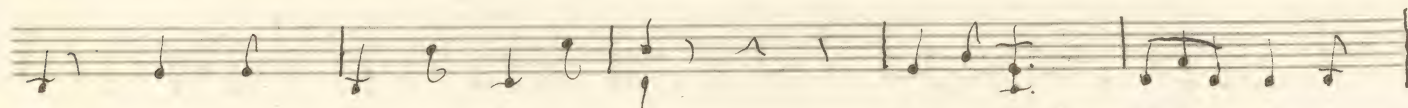
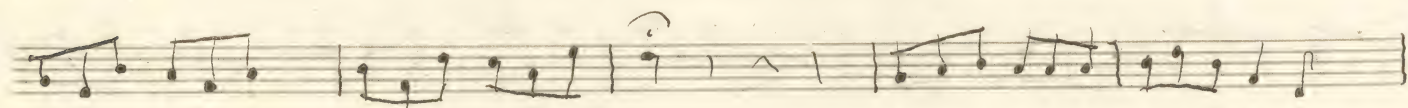
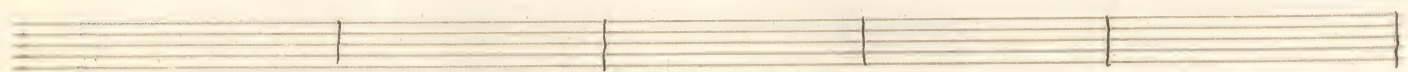
perfetto ed un Cancro peggiore non va

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